THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED.

By Mr. *POPE.*

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Q HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. VI. LIB. I.

AD

NUMICIUM.

NIL Admirari, *prope res est una, Numici!*

Solaque quæ possit facere & servare beatum.

[2] *Hunc Solem, & Stellas, & decedentia certis*

Tempora momentis, sunt qui [3] *formidine nulla*

Imbuti spectent. [4] *Quid censes munera Terræ?*

Quid Maris, extremos Arabas [5] *ditantis, & Indos?*

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THE
SIXTH EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK of *HORACE.*

"NOT to Admire, is all the Art I know,
"To make Men happy, and to keep them ſo."
[Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of *Creech.*]

[2] This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-centred Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,
There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look thro', and truſt the Ruler with his Skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [3] this dreadful All without a fear.

Admire we then what [4] Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold?
All the mad trade of [5] Fools and Slaves for Gold?

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Ludicra quid, [6] *plauſus, & amici dona Quiritis?*

Quo ſpectanda modo, [7] *quo* ſenſu *credis, &* ore?

[8] *Qui* timet *his adverſa, fere miratur eodem*

Quo cupiens *pacto; pavor eſt* utrique *moleſtus;*

Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret utrumque,

[9] *Gaudeat, an doleat, cupiat, metuatve, quid ad rem?*

Si, quicquid videt melius, pejuſve ſua ſpe,

Defixis oculis, animoque & corpore torpet?

[10] *Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,*

Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem *ſi petat ipſam.*

[11] *I nunc, argentum & marmor* [12] vetus, *æraque &* artes

Suſpice; cum gemmis [13] *Tyrios mirare colores:*

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Or [6] Popularity, or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [7] eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the [8] pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether [9] we joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.
Thus good, or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
For [10] Vertue's ſelf may too much Zeal be had;
The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
[11] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a *Taſte* to double the ſurprize,
And gaze on [12] Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be ſtruck with bright [13] Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles ſplendid Livery:

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14 *Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te mille loquentem:*

Gnavus mane 15 *forum, & veſpertinus pete tectum:*

16 *Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris*

Mucius. Indignum, quod ſit pejoribus ortus!

17 *Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi?*

18 *Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet Ætas,*

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. 19 *Quum bene notum*

Porticus Agrippæ, & via te conſpexerit Appi,

Ire tamen reſtat Numa 20 *quo devenit & Ancus.*

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If not ſo pleas'd, at [14] Council-board rejoyce,
To ſee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From [15] morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For [16] Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall [17] One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conſpir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloë, blind to Wit and Worth,
Weds the rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
Yet [18] Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd CRAGS's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
The Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art, [19] with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords;
Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far) where Kings and Poets lye;
Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, [20] or than HYDE!

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[21] *Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,*

Quære fugam morbi ——

—— [22] *Vis recte vivere? quis non?*

Si Virtus hoc una *potest dare, fortis* omissis

Hoc age deliciis ——

—— [23] *Virtutem verba putas, ut*

Lucum ligna? [24] cave ne portus occupet alter,

Ne Cybiratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.

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[21] Rack'd with Sciaticks, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone?
Rather than ſo, ſee Ward invited over,
And deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
There, all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be [22] bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever CORNBURY diſdains;
Be Virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

[23] But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One, who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly [24] then, on all the wings of wild deſire!
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire.
Is Wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:

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[25] *Mille talenta* rotundentur, *totidem altera : porro*

Tertia ſuccedant, & quæ pars quadret *acervum.*

Scilicet [26] *Uxorem* cum dote, fidemque, & [27] Amicos,

Et genus & formam *regina* [28] *Pecunia donat :*

Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venuſque.

Mancipiis locuples, eget æris [29] Cappadocum rex ;

Ne fueris hic tu ——

—— [30] *Chlamydes Lucullus (ut aiunt)*

Si poſſet centum Scenæ præbere rogatus,

Qui poſſum tot ? ait : tamen & quæram, & quot habebo

Mittam. Poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque

Eſſe domi chlamydum : partem, vel tolleret omnes.

[31] *Exilis domus eſt, ubi non & multa* ſuperſunt,

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[25] Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [26] Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [27] Friends — as cannot fail to laſt.
A [28] Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis Birth.
(Believe me, many a [29] German Prince is worſe,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purſe)
His Wealth brave [30] Timon glorioufly confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Takes the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
[31] Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;

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Et dominum fallunt, & prosunt furibus. [32] *Ergo,*

Si res sola potest facere & servare beatum,

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

[33] *Si Fortunatum species & gratia præstat,*

[34] Mercemur *servum, qui dictet nomina, lævum*

[35] *Qui fodiat latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram*

Porrigere, [36] *Hic multum in* Fabia *valet, ille* Velina:

Cuilibet hic fasces dabit, eripietque curule

Cui volet importunus *ebur.* [37] *Frater, pater, adde:*

Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque [38] facetus *adopta.*

Si, [39] *bene qui cœnat, bene vivit;* " *lucet, eamus*

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Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[32] If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.
[33] But if to Pow'r and Place your Paſſion lye,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the Joy;
Then [34] hire a Slave, (or, if you will, a Lord)
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom [35] to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [36] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks;
"This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair;
"That makes three Members, this can chuſe a May'r."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him [37] Son, or Cozen at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and [38] laugh at your own Jeſt.
Or if our life be one continu'd Treat,
If [39] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;

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" *Quo ducit gula : piſcemur, venemur :* " *ut* [40] *olim*

Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,

Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,

Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret

Emptum mulus aprum ——

—— [41] *Crudi, tumidique lavemur,*

Quid deceat, *quid non, obliti : Cerite cera*

Digni, [42] remigium vitioſum *Ithacenſis Ulyſſei,*

Cui potior [43] patria *fuit interdicta voluptas.*

[44] *Si (Mimnermus uti cenſet) ſine* amore, jociſque,

Nil eſt jucundum ; vivas in amore, jociſque.

[45] *Vive, vale ! ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*

Candidus imperti : ſi non, his utere mecum.

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With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite ——
So [40] Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.
Or ſhall we [41] ev'ry Decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
Go dine with Charters, in each Vice out-do
[42] K——'s lewd Cargo, or Ty——y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or Foreign Flame,
Renounce our [43] Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we muſt with [44] Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And Swift cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.
[45] Adieu —— if this advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

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